



The Camosun

February,
1906

THE COLONIST

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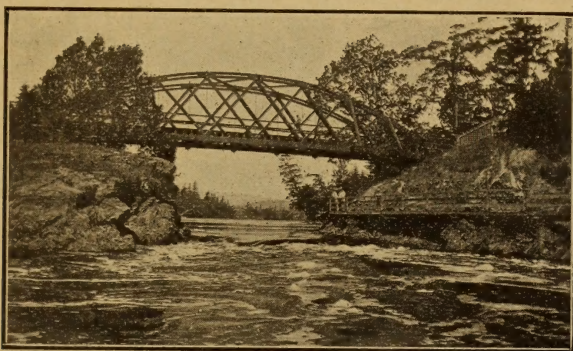
The Camosun

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No. 2



THE GORGE

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR

(By Peter Hing.)

It is well known to most of the people of America, especially those who live on the Pacific coast, that two New Years are celebrated annually; one is familiar to all and the other is known as the Chinese New Year. Wishing to interest the readers of the "Camosun," I shall endeavour to give a brief description of the Chinese New Year, which happened to fall this year on the twenty-fourth of January.

The origin of the Chinese New Year is a very ancient one. We find to get its source we must trace back over fifty-five centuries, to the period which was known in the Chinese history as "The Age of the Five Emperors." Wong Li, the third emperor, who probably began his reign in 3690 B. C., gave attention to astronomy, and he appointed astronomers to observe the heavenly bodies, and from the results of their observation, Tai Nou, one of the astronomers, invented the "cyclic

system," by which the Chinese reckon time, and from that time to the present day they have made no alteration. Each year is designated by two characters, one from the ten characters of the heaven's stars, the other is one of the twelve horary characters. These two characters are always taken in order, and they make a complete cycle in every sixty years, thus every sixty-first year commences with the same two characters again.

They called the months "moons," owing to the length of the revolution of the moon. In a long month the Chinese have thirty days, and in a short month twenty-nine days. In order to make up the full year astronomically an intercalary month is added in every three years. The dates were arranged in such a way that on the first of each month there would be new moon, and full moon on every fifteenth. The dates of the solstices

and equinoxes were not fixed to be the same for every year. However, they always happen to fall on the same days and correspond with the fixed dates in the English calendar.

Besides this cycle system the Chinese have a more common method for calculating dates; that is, by naming the existing dynasty and the number of years since the accession of the reigning emperor, so this new year is the Ching Dynasty and the thirty-second year of the ruling emperor Kwong Sin, and it is "Bing Ng" year according to the cycle system.

Of all festivals the Chinese regard New Year as the most important in our own country. They continue to celebrate the occasion for over fifteen days. Just before the old year expires all housekeepers are busy in cleaning and renewing all the effects in their homes, in order to make their places most suitable to welcome the new year. They remove from the walls the old cards and replace them by new ones. They paste over the lintels of their doors the four famous characters on red paper "Ng fook l'um mun," (five blessings come to our door.) The five blessings are long life, wealth, tranquility, desire of virtue, and a natural death. On the walls of the sitting rooms some good mottoes like these are found: "May everything be in accordance with our wish," "May either young or old live in ease and pleasure," "May good friends frequent our home." In the sleeping apartments some put up these words: "May we live in good health throughout the year," "May the whole family live in perfect harmony," "May heaven guard us from danger." In the cooking department they have these terms: "May our food be plentiful," "May we have taste in good things," and in the principal windows they generally put "Blessings descend from Heaven."

After having all things duly prepared they welcome new year at midnight with a great display of firecrackers, a

sign of festivity. In the morning, being New Year's Day, all attire in their best garments, refraining from all language pertaining to death, sickness and bad omen. With a red card in their hands they visit their friends, congratulating each other wherever they meet. They exchange good wishes. The term "K'own hay fat t'oi" is almost well known to all the white people, its literal meaning being, "With respect I congratulate you to gain wealth." Therefore it implies the idea of "I wish you a prosperous new year." During New Year the children receive coins from their friends, generally nine from each. The Chinese word for nine is "Kow," and the word for immortality is also pronounced "Kow." Thus nine signifies longevity. The people also entertain each other with the greatest liberality and exchange presents. Even the poor are hospitably treated by the rich in New Year's time, and after all the celebration they finish with another great exhibition of fireworks.

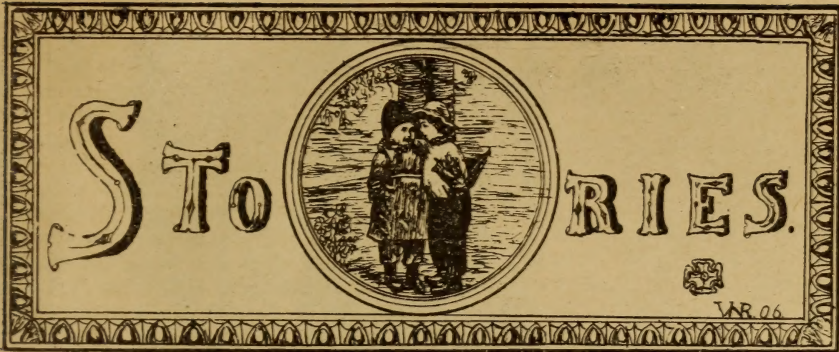
All such customs existing in China remind us of the ancient day of the Romans; for in Ovid's time we learned from his writing, that the Romans used to exchange good wishes on New Year's Day and used also to give coins, wine, and sweets to each other, and all omens explained by the god Janus to the poet have great similarity to those of the Chinese. Janus said:

"Laudamus veteres, sed nostris utimur annis

Mos tamen est aequè dignus uterque coli."

"We praise the years of old, but we enjoy the modern time, nevertheless both customs are equally worthy of being honoured."

I also honour the Chinese New Year for its antiquity, but for convenience sake I enjoy the common modern system of reckoning dates and expect that in the near future the Chinese will also calculate their time by the years of the Emperor of Emperors, rendering honour to Him instead of to their own emperors.



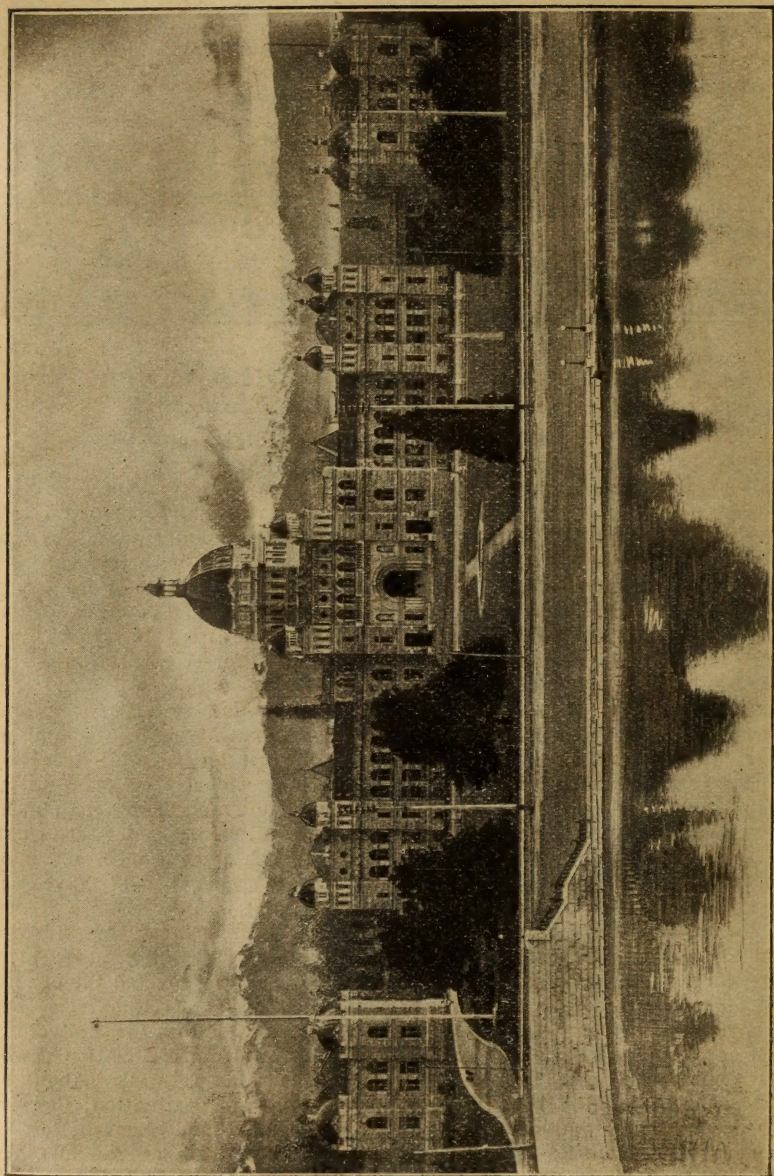
A HUNTING TRIP IN RHODESIA

(By D. E. H. Cleveland.)

Tomorrow is April 1st, the first day of the game season. Four of us are to make up a party to go out to the Mazoe for a few days' sport. Besides my father and myself there is John Smith, the town-ranger, and Lochie Black, who owns a large tobacco farm at Mazoe. Black keeps shooting ponies at the farm, so we are going out in my father's cape-cart. As Mazoe is 30 miles from Salisbury, the Kaffir boys will start out this afternoon, with the four dogs, skoff (provisions) and spare rifles, etc. One boy takes four dogs, Rover, Spot, Nyanda and Jack, each on a separate chain, and how he keeps them from tying themselves together in a hard knot has ever been a mystery to me. Four frisky two-year-old pointers form no easy job to manage when they are each at the end of as many six-foot chains. The other two boys, Bulala and Schelm, carry the provisions and camp necessities along on a pole between them, and last comes Jim, a Matabele, who has been in my father's service seven years and is the only one whom we would trust with firearms. If they leave here at four o'clock they will easily get to Mazoe by ten o'clock.

We are up at 4:30 a. m. and set out in the cape-cart with four mules in

charge of a Basuto driver. We each carry a rifle and revolver. The shot-guns for smaller game have gone on the day before with the Kaffirs. It is early winter and is quite cold for Africa, but the air is clear, dry and bracing. The road to Mazoe winds considerably, for there are innumerable little kopjes which a Kaffir would sooner go round than go over, and a Kaffir foot-path was the beginning of our road just as it is all over South Africa. Occasionally we drive through a cluster of mud and thatch huts which constitute a kraal. Little naked children rush out to meet us, shouting, "Tusa bosela, baas!" give us a present, sirs.) Throw them a "tickey," (3d.) and in a moment they will form one fighting, struggling mass in the roadside over the coveted bit of silver. White children of this size being brought up with the advantages (?) of white civilization would just be learning to walk. About 9:30 we arrive at our destination; the mules are outspanned and knee-haltered so that they can walk around and graze but not run. Down in the donga near by are plenty of buck spoor (tracks) but it is too early in the day for them. So we take our shot-guns and the dogs and go in search of small fry, such as



Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C.

partridge, red-wing, pheasant, khoraan and guinea fowl. As customary when shooting we separate into pairs, each mapping out his course before starting so as to run no chance of shooting each other. Before long Rover puts up some partridge and we each secure four birds. At the bottom of the donga there is a small stream. Crocodile tracks can be seen on the sand at the margin, but a crocodile cannot hide himself in three inches of water, so we select a shallow crossing and start to climb the opposite bank. A duck flies out of the reeds further down the river. Bang! goes a gun, and the bird, winged, drops fluttering onto the surface of the stream. Before we can reach it, however, there is a commotion in the water near the bird, which giving a frightened squak, disappears in a swirling vortex. A crocodile has forestalled us and we have only helped Mr. Mbledgani (as the Kaffirs call the crocodile) to replenish his larder. Walking up among the huge granite boulders my foot strikes something which rolls as I touch it. I pick it up and find it to be a human skull. Glancing around I can see under the edge of a boulder near me a little heap of stones, and standing near them are a few clay dishes which once held water and oofoo (millet.) It is the grave of a departed Kaffir warrior, and his relatives have left food for his spirit. Probably some hungry jackals got hold of the body and pulling it from its heap of stones, cleaned the skeleton, and the different bones have become separated by action of weather and I am in possession of the chief end of what was once the owner of many fat Mashona umpazis (wives.) Before long we meet Black and Smith. They have had little luck. Smith is carrying a fat guinea-fowl and Smith has got a couple of pameo, a species of bustard.

About three o'clock we start out after buck. Behind us comes a couple of boys leading the four ponies, saddled and ready for use should we have to follow any wounded game. We

cannot hope to get much this time as the season is early and the grass is high. But the dogs soon get the scent of a buck and off they go crashing through the coarse grass. Soon they drive right across the wind in pursuit of a good-sized springbok, two of us fire simultaneously hitting him in the neck and shoulder. But he runs madly on another hundred yards before he turns almost a complete somersault, coming down stone dead. The Kaffir spoorer (tracker) who has been running ahead, comes back soon with the dogs. "Nyama," he almost whispers. He thinks he is on the spoor of a lion, which is in some mimosa scrub behind the rocks on our right. We motion the leaders to take the horses and buck off a distance and we start on again. Soon the tracker, who is in the lead, shakes his head and says: "An Nyama, hona dzing-dzingwa." (It's not a lion, but a leopard.) The boulder is some twelve feet high having a smooth slope on one side, another smooth slope of about four feet on the other side, and then an almost perpendicular drop to the ground. Smith's plan is that he shall sit on top of the rock while the four of us drive the leopard out into the open for him to shoot at. So he gets onto the top and sits waiting for us to get "old whiskers" on the scene. But the leopard has already started around the rock, and Smith with his gun held in readiness, sees him and gives himself a hitch to get nearer the edge to shoot. But it was one hitch too many; he starts to slide, and before he knows it he is on the leopard's back. It is more than the leopard calls fair play, eavesdropping in this style, so with no apology but a snarl, off he goes into the grass and escapes scot free. We are laughing so uproariously at John's predicament and the leopard's fright that we could not aim at the side of a barn. We got back to camp at five and began cutting up the buck and cooking a couple of birds.

Later in the evening we sit outside watching the moon rise over the sea

of veldt, calm, but silent by no means, at least to those accustomed to African veldt. The chirps, squeaks and singing of innumerable insects, is accompanied by the sound of our palms coming in violent contact with various

portions of our heads and faces, and an occasional naughty word, and in the distance a jackal barks, a hyena gives a hideous chuckle and a lion roars a defiant challenge to our dogs and guns.

THE RESULT OF A JOURNEY

(By Dorothy Bazett.)

"Flora, why don't you begin to practice. I shall be ready to go out in an hour. It is very foolish of you to sulk over a little thing like that."

Mrs. Leigh was very much annoyed; she spoke stiffly and then left the room. Flora was angry. She sat curled up on the window seat with her back to the door. As soon as her mother left the room she turned round and burst out resentfully:

"Little thing indeed! Mother doesn't understand in the least! Here have I been helping mother do nothing all morning; then I am to practice, go out driving, have dinner, play chess with father and go to bed when the clock strikes ten. What a life to live! And there is such a lot to be done in the world! "Flora's feelings were evidently too deep for words, for she stopped abruptly and was making a move towards the piano, when she saw from the window a figure advancing up the garden path.

"There is that tiresome Mrs. Williams!" she exclaimed. "I am not going to stay and make conversation for her."

She crossed the room, stepped out of a French window, and had reached the little shrubbery which skirted the lawn before the front door bell rang.

"I might as well go out on the river a little," she said to herself. "Mrs. Williams will stay an hour at least; I'm afraid mother will be vexed though. I really feel like a child running away," and she laughed a little.

Flora Leigh was eighteen and had just left the boarding-school, where

she had spent the greater part of her life. Her parents had been in India until six months ago, and Mrs. Leigh liked to have Flora with her entirely, as if to make up for the long years of separation; she failed to realize that her little girl had grown up and had wishes and intentions of her own. And Flora had some very decided ideas; she wanted to be a trained nurse, and it was an allusion to this subject which had caused the little storm that afternoon.

The river, which ran near Colonel Leigh's country home, was a quiet little stream, flowing through green fields. The June afternoon was perfect and Flora heaved a sigh of satisfaction as she pushed herself off in the little green and white boat. There was only one oar in the boat, but she did not trouble to get the other. It was too hot to row, she thought. She would just drift about under the shadow of the trees. Settling herself among the cushions she allowed the peaceful influence of the afternoon to calm her, and her discontent began to give way to youthful castles in the air.

She was roused by a grating sound and looked up to find that her only oar which had been left trailing in the water, had caught on a snag and been swept right out of the rowlock. She tried her best to regain it, but the current was stronger here, and it was already beyond her reach. At first the situation struck her as ludicrous, and then as rather romantic, drifting to an unknown fate. Bye and bye it began to be not quite so pleasant. There

were no trees to shelter her and the sun beat down piteously on her bare head. At first she was in constant dread of seeing some one—she would look so silly, she thought—soon she began to long for some one. It is not exactly pleasant to be carried helplessly down a river, however small. But the river seemed to be forsaken that afternoon. She could see plenty of houses, but none were within earshot. She called to some village children playing by the water's edge, but they seemed not to understand her plight. As the afternoon wore on the river grew more and more unfamiliar, and she did not recognize any of the houses. Such long hours they were! It seemed to Flora as if the sun had forgotten to set, but in reality it was only half-past four, when the boat, rounding a sudden curve in the river, was carried by the current close to the

bank, and Flora managed to catch an overhanging branch and draw the boat into a little gravelly beach.

She felt so relieved that her first idea was to abandon the boat to its fate and set off for home the quickest way possible. But on reflection she saw that she had landed in somebody's garden. She could hear merry voices and laughter and she would have to walk past these people to reach the road; she would have to tell them what had happened and ask them to look after her boat or perhaps get a man to row her home.

She was very stiff from sitting so long in one position, and as she stepped from the boat she stumbled and fell awkwardly. She was about to jump up hastily, but the first little movement brought a cry of startled pain to her lips and she fell back on the stones.

(To be Continued.)

THE LITTLE OLD HOUSE

(By Miss Lilette Rebbeck.)

Standing in one corner of an old orchard was a little cottage which was overgrown with ivy. Here and there the walls showed through. They had once been white but were now a grey green color from age and the winter storms, and ivy grew into the windows, most of which were broken. It grew upon the roof and about the small chimney, which was crumbling to pieces. Behind the cottage was a barn, weather beaten and crumbling, while the door was hanging on one hinge, and there were large gaping cracks in the walls. From the cottage a winding path, overgrown with grass and weeds, led through the old orchard to a little gate. The trees were old and gnarled, bright red poppies grew in the long grass and robins nested in the apple trees. The swallows built year after year under the eaves of the

cottage among the ivy, while only an occasional small boy came to disturb the peaceful garden.

One day a carriage drove up to the garden, and a sweet looking little old lady stepped out. She had a very sweet face, framed with soft, curly white hair. She had brown eyes, and a pretty mouth and chin. Her dress was made of some rich material, and her appearance showed that she was a gentlewoman and wealthy. She strolled through the orchard, came to the cottage and opened the door and went in.

There was a large fireplace in the room, with cupboards on each side, a small table in the centre and a few chairs. Everything was dusty and very old, cobwebs covered the ceiling and stretched across the corners. The ivy had grown through the walls and

made a soft, pale green drapery about the window. There was another small room beyond. It evidently had been a bedroom for there were two beds and a washing stand in it. The old lady, after looking about and opening cupboards, went to the fireplace and made a small fire. She sat down and gazed pensively into the flames. She sat there for some time, then she got up and went out, shutting and locking the door. She strolled back through the orchard and as she got to the

gate another carriage drove up and a short, brisk businesslike little man sprang out and hurried to meet her.

"Well, Mrs. Vanborough," he said, "whats the price?" "I have changed my mind," she answered, "the cottage is not for sale."

Long and tenderly she looked back at the little house, now bathed in the rays of the setting sun. Then she got into the carriage and drove away.

VICTORIA COLLEGE CADET CORPS.

For a long time the Cadet Corps has been composed of the minority of the High School pupils, but we are pleased to learn that many of those who were not in the corps before, have now joined and are interested in the movement to have every one enrolled. Those who join have no extra obligations except that they have to turn out for inspection once a year only will they are in the corps. Those who do not belong are compelled to drill anyway. The attendance at the Drill Hall on Saturday mornings for shooting is purely voluntary. The advantage in belonging to the corps will be in the rifle drill, and it is hoped that the Ross carbines will be obtained for the corps, which will soon be composed of two good sized companies.

As the members of the Basket Ball Club, which has been lately formed, are enrolled in the Cadet Corps they have the use of the Drill Hall for practices and matches, except at such times when the Regiment are using the hall. We would suggest that the cadet armory might be replaced by a real armory in the larger part of the basement taking in one of the windows, and instead of the flimsy slats now caging in the rifles and letting every cloud of dust from the janitor's broom thickly coat the guns and white belts, there might be proper walls entirely closing up the armory. The open slats greatly

tempt some to throw rubbish in, and also to try with long sticks to play a new type of he "Fish Pond" game, which is highly amusing to the destructive boy, but detrimental to the welfare of the bayonets and other articles.

THE LAY OF THE LAST SHIRT.

(In commemoration of those players of Victoria Collège who played Rugby in shirts instead of sweaters.)

The shirt was long, the sleeve was torn,
A piece from off the neck was shorn,
That shirt which had gone through the
fray

Seemed to have known a better day.
One cuff, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by the Rugby boy,
The last of all the boys was he
In shirts to play the game you see,
For well-a-day! their date was fled
Before the sweater dyed in red.
And then the one in deadly black
Became the one upon the back.
Now when the player nigh undressed,
Had feet implanted on his chest,
The shirt all parted, rent in twain,
Gave the wearer a look of pain,
A cleat placed 'gainst his ribs with zest
Did easily tear away the rest,
And now the shirt once very white
All torn and dirty was a sight,
And ne'er again in such array
Did anyone attempt to play.

"THE RIVAL OF SPOKESHAVE
THE SECOND."

SOCIETY

Lemmax has left school and is working in Campbell's drug store.

C. Boyd has gone to Vancouver to attend the Sprott-Shaw Commercial College.

B. Erb, accompanied by his brother, A. Erb, spent the Christmas vacation at his home in Chemainus.

Miss W. Redfern of Junior A, is, we are sorry to say, suffering from a severe attack of appendicitis.

J. W. Woodward and Mr. Middleton have joined the matriculation class. Mr. Middleton also studies with Junior A, taking up the science of Botany.

Among the numerous new pupils now attending the school is K. Eaton of Nova Scotia. He is a nephew of Dr. Eaton, the chief superintendent of schools.

Miss Christine Johnson, who has been teaching at Ainsworth, B. C., for the past six months, has once more resumed her studies with the matriculation class.

Wm. Wilby has returned after a month's vacation and has also resumed his studies. His fellow pupils gave him a warm welcome, as he had been missed very much by them.

Sedger has also left school. Sedger was a prominent member of the sporting club of the college. Rugby football was his specialty. Sedger was a member of Division Three.

Miss Flora Patton also entertained a number of friends on Wednesday, January 3rd. Dancing was participated in and all present spent a most enjoyable evening. Among those present were Misses W. Scowcroft, M. Shakespeare, H. Shakespeare, A. McLaughlin, N. O'Kell and Messrs. T. Brown, R. Brown, A. Dickson and S. O'Kell.

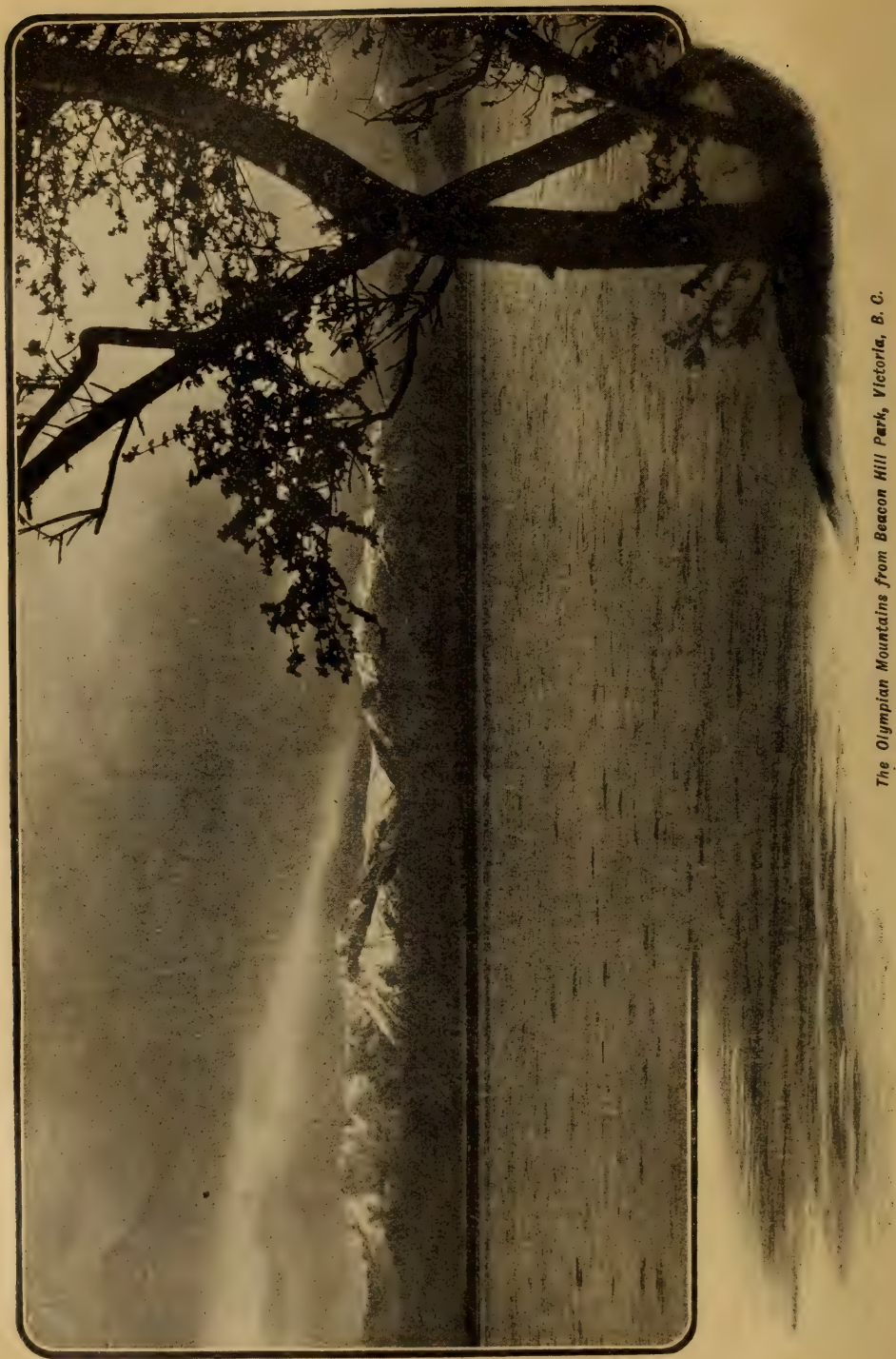
It is to be regretted that our most esteemed fellow-student, Joe Sears, has left school. He is greatly missed by the scholars, especially by Divisions Three and Four. Joe is now working at Fell & Gregory's.

The instructor for the commercial branch of study, Mr. Aaron Perry, arrived at Victoria College on Monday, January 15th. Mr. Perry was formerly principal of the Kamloops High School. We extend to him on behalf of the pupils a hearty greeting and wish him every success in his work here.

Miss Winnie Redfern entertained a number of her friends on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 3rd. Various games were played, the prize winners being Misses Eaton, B. Brown, I. Black and Power. Among those present were Misses M. Black, I. Black, M. Brown, B. Brown, Eaton, Grant, Allen, Power and Green.

A change has recently taken place in the divisions of the college. The four junior classes have been made into three. This rearrangement chiefly concerns Division Three. The students in this division are now taking work beyond the limit set for the junior exam. This, it is understood, will enable them if they pass this summer's examination, to try science matriculation next year. This, though it means extra work, will be beneficial to the students in this division.

The fortnightly meeting of the K. Y. II. Club was held on January 16. Miss Bell, Miss More, Mr. H. Angus and Mr. P. Hing being in charge. A guessing contest started the fun; Miss Russell and Miss Erskine having to draw for the prize, fortune favored the latter. After refreshments the game of Pillow-Dex was entered into with joyful squeaks, and not until the last balloon was broken did the guests depart with many thanks to the hosts and hostesses for a pleasant time.



The Olympian Mountains from Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B. C.

The Camosun

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE VICTORIA COLLEGE STUDENTS

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THE LECTURE COURSE.

The staff of the "Camosun," as representative of Victoria College, extend their thanks and best wishes to those gentlemen who have during last year, given up their time in order to present a series of most interesting and instructive lectures to the pupils. That parents and others appreciated the lectures as well as scholars; was easily seen by the full attendance. Those unfortunate enough to miss the lectures can hardly conceive of their educational value. For instance, who of the large audience that attended Professor F. A. Osborne's lectures on "Wireless Telegraphy" and "Radium," did not obtain a better and clearer idea of these great scientific discoveries? It is such knowledge as this, which is not taught in the ordinary curriculum, that these worthy gentlemen impart, and it is valuable to all intelligent outsiders as well as to the student. The staff can assure those who lectured that a warm welcome is always ready for them at "Victoria College."

THE MUTILATION OF NOTICES.

It is the habit of some of our would-be funny students of Victoria College to free themselves of their overflowing wit and humour by scribbling their jokes and funny sayings on the notices, posted by the officers of the different clubs of this college on the boy's bulletin. If these particular individuals

would be so kind as to send their jokes to the "Camosun," instead of ornamenting the notices with them, we feel sure they would be appreciated by the whole school, and leave no cause for complaint.

If this sort of thing does not stop we will be forced to take steps to have the guilty persons punished.

So Beware!

We regret to say that owing to the large amount of copy sent in for publication, much good material had to be kept over for a subsequent issue. We are very pleased to have such interest shown by the students, and we hope that it will not abate.

We now have in the College a new course which deserves mention. This is the Commercial Course which was introduced after Christmas and which is under the special direction of Mr. Perry. Besides the purely commercial subjects of typewriting, bookkeeping, stenography, business laws and business form, the pupils take up history, English literature, grammar, algebra and geometry. They also take composition, geography and arithmetic in their relation to business.

To the Editor:

We hope that in future when presentations are made in the school that they will be made in the Assembly Room in the presence of all the school.

TOUT LE MONDE.

To the Editor :

I would like to call attention in these columns to the true author of many of our school evils. How many of us have not during the last term, mentally at least, indulged in violent comments on Virgil and Ovid and other poets who are inflicted on us? Could we not go back a little further and lay their torturing poems at the right door? Paris, wretched Paris is the cause of all. Not content with the trouble he caused during his own lifetime, he has left a lasting curse on all future generations. If it had not been for Paris we should have no Illiad, no Oddessy, no Aeneid, and without these examples later poets might have been more reasonable. Why should we not hold a meeting of all those who still suffer at the hands of Paris and after airing our grievances, burn the wretch in effigy?

"INJURED."

To the Editor :

One of the members of Divisions I had invented a cipher which he used for communicating with friends in lower divisions. This code was the joy of his life; his pride in it knew no bounds. But "pride comes before a fall." One of his enemies stole his vocabulary meaning to read his notes without his knowledge. But soon M—r's boasting grew unbearable. Something had to be done.

Imagine M—r's feelings of astonishment and wounded pride on receiving a letter in his own cipher containing the writer's opinion of him.

He has now invented a new code but I will find it out.

SHERLOCK HOMES.

"With horseless carriages and smokeless powder,
We'll soon have cowless milk and clamless chowder;
And when we get to have beeless honey,
We'll probably have wifeless matrimony."

Unabhängigkeitserklärung.

WHO LOCKED THE DOOR ?

A few days before school broke up for the Christmas holidays the first division experienced the novel sensation of being locked up just before lunch hour.

This is how it happened: One of the worthy faculty was eloquently discussing some difficult point to the class, when a couple of young ladies from that division, who were outside the room at that time, obtained the key to the door by some unknown magic and slipped it into the lock. But just as they were about to turn the key a fearsome shadow appeared against the glass part of the door—their courage failed and they fled. However, nothing happened and they returned soon with one of the sterner sex (also absent from the room for some mysterious reason) who had been pressed into their conspiracy. The key was soon turned and their joy was complete. But what a fanciful thing joy is! One of the inmates had a skeleton key, and it is generally believed that he was actuated more by a delicate (?) sense of hunger than by any kind of consideration for the rest of the class. So the teacher and class obtained their lunch after a slight delay.

THE NEW LABORATORY.

A chemical laboratory is soon to be fitted up in the High School, wherein the members of the matriculation class will be able to experiment in chemistry for themselves, which they did not have a chance to do last term. The laboratory will accommodate twenty-four pupils at a time.

Under the able supervision of Mr. Pineo they will here be given every opportunity to broaden their knowledge of science and, it is to be hoped that the Matriculation class of the Victoria High School will make the best showing in the province in the examination at midsummer.

"Why are jokes and jokers similar?"

"Because they are both cracked."

THE NECESSITY OF CADET CORPS.

In the whole past history of the world it has been seen that there were always states who from a desire of gain, or revenge, or something else, made war on their weaker neighbours. If a people had a prosperous commerce others who were stronger always tried to plunder them. Difference of religion frequently caused large and destructive wars. Only one way was open to the righteous men to maintain their liberty—that was by the sword. And for the reason that Great Britain fought stronger for her principles than other nations probably did, she stands today in the proud place of foremost nation in civilization, and peace as well as in war. Today as well as in former times, a nation's safety depends greatly upon her military and naval forces, for no nation will declare war against another whose forces are too strong to conquer, and any big power will hesitate to declare war on a weaker one (even if sure of victory in the end) if she sees the other prepared to fight to the last, because the loss in men and money may overweigh possible gains. Russia would not have fought with Japan if she had known her foe's true strength, nor would any nation attempt to attack Great Britain today. Sweden though more powerful than Norway, did not try to hold the union by force of arms; the cost might have been too great.

Hitherto the cost of keeping the necessary forces has been a great drain to the Powers, for the men have to be supplied with food and clothing as well as weapons. Now, then, here is where cadet corps are useful. The government has only to supply them with arms and instructors, then in after years, though not soldiers, cadets are fitted to take their place with the best in their country's defence. If all boys between fourteen and eighteen while attending school were to join a cadet corps and receive proper training in military and physical drill and shooting then when grown see what a vast citizen army there would be without

costing the government anything, and then only a small regular force would be needed when such auxiliaries were to be had. The man who was trained as a cadet does not forget how to shoot any more than he forgets how to swim.

It is quite clear that every boy owes it to his country to serve in a cadet corps when he has the opportunity, even though he may not be a soldier afterwards, for every trained cadet is so much of a guarantee towards the safety of his country, and when a nation is safe from foreign invasion the arts of peace have more chance of expansion. Those devoid of patriotism, those who would do nothing for their country when they can, are a drag and a hindrance to the community. It is such people as those who have been the cause of disastrous wars. It is this lack of preparation in the Boer war that caused the British such a loss in men, time and money, certain authorities having through lack of proper knowledge and ignoring timely advice, made these careless mistakes, and only after severe reverses did they send proper forces to the front.

Apart from the military point of view the benefits are valuable. The drill imparts health and smartness, a good carriage and obedience that does not always stipulate the reason "Why?" for every command. One important thing is that if every boy were properly trained as a cadet the accidents in the shooting season would be eliminated, and people would not be shot for deer, because the one rule in the use of a gun is never to point it at anything you do not intend to hit; then only point the gun when you are certain of your target (not sure that it looks like a deer but sure that it is a deer), then fire when your aim is sure. (Soldiers who do otherwise are useless for they waste ammunition.) Particular care is taken that soldiers do not point unloaded guns at people in fun. A well trained cadet or soldier never looks down the muzzle to see if the gun is loaded, nor does he pull a gun through a fence after him, muzzle first, nor does he do any of the foolish tricks so common to so many of our clever (?) amateur hunters in this country.

For those boys who express their approval of Cadet Corps, remember there is a Corps within their reach waiting for their active approval as well as their passive approval.

CADET.

REVIEW.

The Literary Editor is pleased to be able to say that as the "Camosun" will be published monthly throughout the term, there will be, as well as the serial story commencing this month, a series of articles on a few historical novels dealing with the period when the school is now studying, the first of which is an article on Charles Kingsley's "Hereward."

Hereward, the Last of the English.

One of the most interesting and romantic histories of the Conquest of England by William I., is to be found in Kingsley's story of Hereward the Wake.

This story is told from the Saxon standpoint and tells of the many reasons of the success of the conquest, the weaknesses and family feuds of the Saxon leaders, the discipline of the Normans and William's own good generalship.

The story commences with the youth and early lawlessness of Hereward—how he was outlawed at the request of his own parents, Leofric, Earl of Mercia and the Lady Godiva. It follows him through his wanderings and adventures in Scotland, Cornwall and Flanders. Tells how he found a loving wife, who was as clever as he; how he returned to England and defied the Conqueror, and, at last, how he deserted his own people and his wife and bowed to William at the instigation of a wicked woman, ending with the renunciation of all his teachings, and his heroic death, fighting alone with a crowd of dastard Normans.

Much of the interest of the story lies in the number and difference of the characters. Of course Hereward himself is the most striking and fully drawn, but the portrait of his wife Forfrida is almost equal to his in detail and is far more to be admired. She is gentle, affectionate and womanly, but is as good a general as her husband; she is fearless and devoted to the cause of right, and is faithful to the very last.

Old Martin, Hereward's half crazy

follower, Alfruda, the scheming heartless woman who was his destruction—all the various men and women, some real, some fictional, who pass in and out of the story, add charm and reality to the whole.

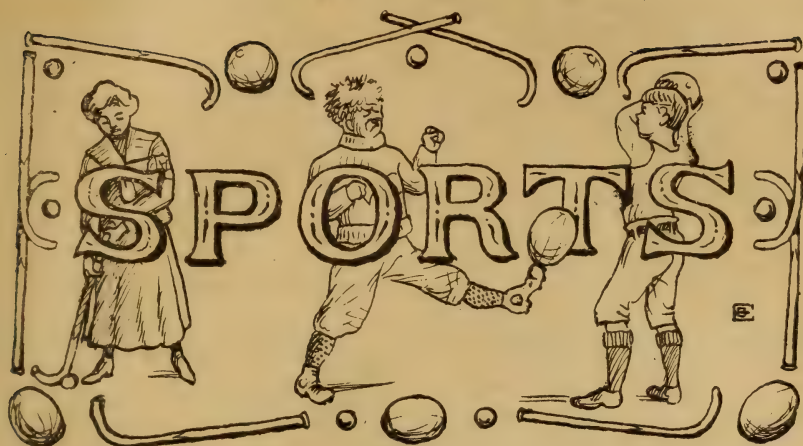
The stories of Hereward's early wanderings, the killing of the white bear, the rescue of the Cornish princess, the winning of Mare Swallow, and many others have the simplicity and interest of all legends from the mythology of every land.

The romantic interest of the whole story is greatly increased by the author's power of carrying the reader into the very atmosphere of the time of which he wrote, and also by the almost poetic beauty and simplicity of the English he uses, so suited to a story of the time when Norse scalds and Saxon bards were still the literary voice of the people.

CHINESE NEW YEAR.

The first division celebrated this famous festival in a truly sumptuous style, owing to the generosity of Peter Hing. Nuts, candy and firecrackers were consumed in tremendous quantities; quantities that would delight the heart of any sensible doctor. Throughout the morning the cracking of nuts and munching of candy might be heard on all sides. All noon hour the class was instructed in the art of eating melon seeds and at night—"sauve qui peut"!

A number of young people were entertained by Miss Mina Baxter at her home on Wednesday, January 3rd. A drawing and several other contests were indulged in, the prizes being won by Misses M. Cameron and C. Green, and Mr. O. Finch. The guests were Misses Starr, Power, Rebbeck, M. Brown, B. Brown, Green, Belyea, Gregg, Cameron, Michaels, Sylvester and Messrs. Cunningham, Macrae, Angus, Miller, Finch, Sylvester, Green and Cameron.



RUGBY.

The Rugby Club is holding regular practices and the team is getting in shape to play Vancouver, February 3rd. A number of new players are to be seen on the field, and a strong team is being formed. The Vancouver boys will certainly exert themselves if they intend to win the game.

The Juniors are also getting into condition for the contests in the city junior league; and Captain Campbell is looking forward with anticipation to the results of these matches. In all probability the school, at the end of the season, can boast of two champion teams.

The college intermediate team (the one that will play Vancouver) played a practice game with the Collegiate School on Wednesday, January 24. The College won with ease, Briggs, Myers, Nason, Eberts and Graham scoring. The score was 26 to 0.

BASKET BALL.

On Friday, January 19th, a meeting of the Basket Ball Club was held in Mr. Andrews' room, with Mr. Andrews in the chair. The following officers will represent the club this season:

President—Mr. Andrews.

Vice-President—H. Eberts.

Secretary—E. Taylor.

Club Captain—S. O'Kell.

Executive—M. C. Briggs, Orie Finch.

It is probable that a school league will be formed soon, the matches to take place in the Drill Hall. Vancouver is expected to bring over a basket ball team with their Rugby team. So the club needs some practising in order to hold their own against the Vancouver stellar aggregation.

HOCKEY.

The Victoria College Girls' Hockey Club

The Victoria College Girls' Hockey Team have been practising with the Victoria Ladies and the College Boys' in order to be prepared when they meet the Nanaimo Ladies' Team at Nanaimo in the near future. The team will be picked from the following: Misses C. Green, K. More, F. Spencer, O. Grant, C. Johnson, I. Nason, M. Sommerville, Ada Schwengers, G. Bebbington, K. Dalby, F. Fullerton, M. Carne, F. Croot.

Boys.

On Saturday, January 13th, the College Hockey Team met a defeat at the hands of the Victoria Intermediates. When the whistle blew the Intermediates went off with a rush and their spasmodic rushes through the entire game proved very effective. At the end of half time the score stood 3-1 in favor of the Intermediates.

In the second half the school began to settle down, but despite their hardest efforts, they were unable to even up the score. In this half each team tallied two goals, the final score being 5-3.

The winners played hard, and the combination of the halves and forwards won the game, while H. Brown in goal stopped many shots that otherwise would have altered the score. For the College O'Kell at centre played an admirable game, scoring 2 of the goals. Green scored the 3rd. While individually all played their hardest, there was a deplorable lack of combination. From this defeat we should learn the need of hard practice, perfecting combination and team work, without which it is impossible to win victories.

H. Dalby gave satisfaction as referee.

THE VICTORIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

An organization for the purpose of promoting useful athletics and gymnastics among the attendants in the public schools of Victoria has been formed. In doing this it will take charge of all competitive school sports.

The membership of this association is limited to the public schools of Victoria. The association recognizes as athletic members all attendants in the public schools of Victoria who take part in athletic competitions given under the sanction of the association.

A student to be eligible to become a member of this association must be a registered pupil in a public school and have an attendance of at least twenty school days.

The first field meet under this organization will be held on Friday the 18th May.

When a woman is too ill to read about balls and bargains she is indeed in danger.

Doctor: When I started business I was poor. I used to sit in my office every day like "Patience on a monument."

He: How is it now, doctor?

Doctor: Well, things are changed now. I haven't Patience on a monument any longer. I now have monuments on all my patients.

"In feminine geometry

All angles are tabooed

But angling is a woman's game

While she is being wooed."

By Work-while-time-is.

Teacher in History Class—What was the Bridal of Norwich?

S.—S.—The Briday of Norwich was the only marriage which ever came to a head, date 1075 A. D.

In the same class the following reply was given:

Ode's plot was a plot of ground in which he had a hunting park.

NOTHING DOING.

"Hello, pa!" said the college youth on the long distance phone. "I was beginning to get worried about that check I wrote to you for."

"Don't worry about it, my boy," replied the father, "it's safe."

"Ah!"

"Yes, safe in my check-book. Good-by!"

NOT SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE.

A school teacher once asked a pupil to give three reasons for proving the earth was round.

"Teacher said it was," drawled Johnny, "an' the book says so, an' a man said so, but I don't b'lieve it."

Teacher—Johnny, what is the plural of beef?

Johnny — Singular beef, plural mutton.

Prisoner, brought before the judge.

Judge—"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Prisoner—"I will wait and hear the evidence before I answer."

Seattle must be the dirtiest place on the coast, as letters are often addressed "Seattle, Wash."

She: My, how one thing brings up another.

He: Yes, an emetic, for instance.

A professor entered a restaurant and called out:

"Waiter, bring me a bottle of hock"—"hic, haec, hoc."

The waiter, (who had been at college) smiled but did not move.

The professor, becoming incensed, said: "Didn't I order some hock?"

Waiter: Yes, sir, but you afterwards declined it."

"What! has Binks lost his job? I thought he was fired with enthusiasm." "So he was, and that's what happened to him."

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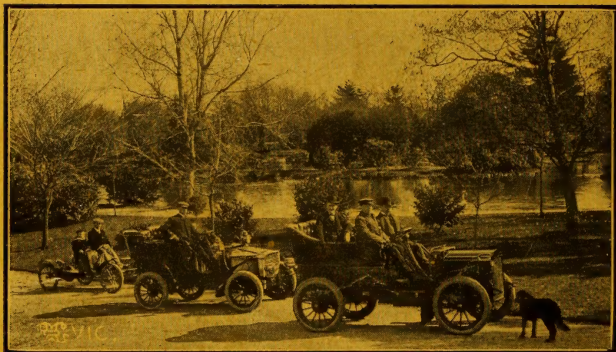
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